

[[[Transcriptor's note: All text capped in forwards slashes are additional contextual notes typed in red ink by the author and are not a part of the text of the fic itself.]]]

/ Howdy Joe! Please read the included envelope I handed yo u before reading this live on stream. Apologies for any double-spacing- the typewriter I am using is from the 1950s.

You can find me online as darubyprincx (one x) on Tumblr and darubyprincxx (two xes) everywhere else, including ao3. I will also post images of this to the Internet Archive once I am done writing it.

Thank you for letting me write this and hand it to you in person. /

TITLE: Hermitgang (His Response) (Final) (1) (1).txt

Joe Hills was having a really weird day.

Having woken up scarcely an hour ago to a flurry of panicked messages from Grian (never a good thing ), he had checked the link provided and been hit full force with a diss track as a great start to the day.

It had been an incredibly long week and she had been looking forwards to sleeping in that day, but after their routine cup of coffee had been consumed and tossed neatly into the sink for later washing-up, Joe was forced to conclude that the only reasonable option to persue at this point was violence. Or, more accurately, revenge.

It was only 10:30 AM.

He was so, so tired.

Oh well! The devil doesn't sleep, but neither did Joe apparently.

She sighed, walked over to its desk, and set to work penning a response. (Joe had left an apologetic message in the G-Team group chat earlier explaining what they were doing and that he'd be unreachable via all methods except for carrier pigeon, to the response of nobody and a read receipt from three people. Typical G-Team.)

The work was slow and thoughtful, the soft rasp of the pen flowing across several hours and sheets of paper as th e sun rose to its storied zenith then ambled back down to rest in the west. It was perhaps two in the afternoon when a knock at the door caused her to look up from his desk as it opened.

"Hi," said Cleo, walking and neatly sidestepping piles of yarn as they went. "Busy?"

"Yep." said Joe. "I am formulating a diss track."

"Team S.T.A.R did that last week," said Cleo, leaning on the desk. "How many cups of coffee is that?"

"Five," said Joe.

"Right," responded Cleo, sounding vaguely worried. "Well, Shakespeare, Brian messaged me telling me to tell you that he wanted you for lunch. Which was two hours ago."

"Why are you telling me this so late?"

"I was asleep. How close are you to being done?"

"Uhh," said Joe, checking her paper. "Three stanzas?"

"And how will you perform this feat of literature?"

"I was thinking text-to-speech," said Joe, looking up. "But if you want to record a bar—"

"Let me see," said Cleo, holding out a hand for Joe to give them the paper. She studied it critically as an English teacher would, then handed it back to Joe with a solemn nod.

"Does it pass the quality test?" asked Joe.

"Yes," said Cleo. "Your hand is twitching."

"I need to eat lunch, yes," said Joe, sitting back and stretching.

"Fabulous," said Cleo, standing up straight with a slight crack of her back. "Well, see you at Bdubs' in 30 minutes or else I'm coming back and placing slime blocks in your bed." She then proceeded to leave the room with no chance of Joe being able to respond, leaving him to laugh to himself a little as she stood up and made to get ready to go.

The diss track, he decided, could wait.

Cleo, on the other hand, could not.

/ also hello chat heart emoji please drink water :D /